

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXIV. No. 2263

and BYSTANDER

London  
November 8, 1944



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# THE TATLER

LONDON  
NOVEMBER 8, 1944

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Lt.-Gen. F. A. M. Browning, C.B., D.S.O.

A tribute to airborne troops who took part in the Arnhem operation was paid by Lt.-Gen. F. A. M. Browning, Deputy Commander 1st Allied Airborne Army, in a recent lecture at the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall. It has been said of the 1st Airborne Division that it combines the toughness of commandos with the discipline of the Brigade of Guards. This is perhaps not surprising as General Browning, who raised the force, joined the Grenadier Guards in 1914, serving with them in France throughout the last war and before being given command of airborne forces in November, 1941, had commanded the Grenadiers 2nd Battalion and a Guards Brigade Mechanized Group. Gen. Browning took up flying in 1931, and before the war was a keen amateur sailor; one of his hobbies was designing boats. He was well known in the world of sport, and represented England in the 120 yards high hurdles at the Olympic Games, also in the Bobsleigh event. A fine horseman, he won the first pool of the King George V Cup in the jumping at Olympia. His wife is Daphne du Maurier, the successful novelist and playwright, and they have three children



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Caution

ONCE more the Prime Minister has put the war into perspective on the basis of all the facts before him, and with obvious regard for the facts about Germany and her position about which he cannot be as fully informed. He has told the House of Commons that on military grounds it seems difficult to believe that the battle for the final defeat of Germany can be ended before Christmas or even before Easter. There should be no disappointment about this realistic survey from such an authentic source. It must always be remembered that Mr. Churchill has never failed to be most conservative in his public pronouncements on the progress of the war. He was just as conservative in those dark days when we had our backs to the wall as he is now when victory is in sight. Mr. Churchill admits that victory is in sight, but it is a necessary political precaution which a statesman in his position must take to ensure that the public are not misled. It is worth noting, for instance, that Mr. Churchill revealed that many high military authorities, on whose advice and guidance he relies, had expressed themselves more hopefully.

## Progress

THE key to the battle of Germany is the port of Antwerp, and now it is free. There are varying estimates about how long it will take the Allies to put the port into working order. There are no indications that it has been severely damaged, but obviously the Germans have not given up this last and most vital bastion of their defence without taking some precautions. Once the Allies get Antwerp working, essential supplies for the Battle of Germany will begin to flow until they reach a

torrent and the build-up is complete. Not until vast supplies have been built up will the Allies strike what they hope will be the final blow. Much depends on the weather. A lot depends on the Germans. The Germans know just as well as do the Allied commanders that Antwerp represents the dagger at the heart of Germany. The Germans have not hung on so long for nothing. They know now that the Allies are able to perform miracles in the matter of organizing the transport of supplies. Therefore I believe that the loss of Antwerp will have a profound effect on those who are conducting the defence of Germany. It is these people who will finally decide the length and form of German resistance. It will be noted in this connection that Mr. Churchill declared that it was on military grounds alone that it seemed difficult to believe that the war could be ended by Christmas.

## Speculation

GERMAN prisoners captured recently, and particularly U-boat crews, are displaying exceptionally high morale. They are strongly Nazi in their convictions, and they are not prepared to apologize for Hitler. They still believe in him. Correspondents who have been accompanying the invading American forces into Germany assert that the civilian population maintain a similar morale. Hitler is still their hero. In their sorry state it is natural that the Germans should cling to their leaders, for nobody can ever doubt their devotion and simple patriotism. It is bound to be stronger than ever when their country is threatened as it is now. But the question is, will their leaders cling to them?

This is the importance of freeing the port of Antwerp. Each week that passes shows that

the Germans are short of all the essentials of modern war. The first and most serious is lack of oil and petrol. There is also a shortage of pilots to operate the German air force, which, it seems, is not insignificant in terms of numbers of machines. Lately German pilots have been ordered to avoid combat with superior Allied forces. If they find themselves outnumbered, they are instructed to bail out. The pilot is more valuable than the machine to the Germans at this stage of the war. It is a wise policy judged from the German standpoint, but I cannot see that it will be of any ultimate good for them. The Germans do not appear to be in a position to stage a battle like that which took place in the skies above this country and did so much to save Britain.

## Silence

HITLER keeps his strange silence. Ribbentrop is rarely mentioned, and the mystery of Goering goes on. These are the men to watch. The liberation of Paris has brought to light many interesting facts about the Germans. There is little doubt that in the French capital their outward behaviour was most correct. It was always less correct in the provinces of France, and behind the scenes in Paris there were some ugly incidents. Torture and horrible death were meted out to many stout-hearted Frenchmen. Discipline among the German soldiers of all ranks, however, was most strict. There was one case where officers were forbidden to have women guests at a certain hotel, which was requisitioned for their use. One officer broke the rule by inviting his wife to stay with him. When his error was discovered he was sent back to Germany and court-martialled.

Goering was a frequent visitor to Paris. On each visit he collected anything on which he could lay his hands, jewels, antique furniture, champagne, and works of art. Maxims was one of his favourite haunts, and finally his interest in this one-time famous restaurant became so keen that he bought up all the shares. This is the reason why Maxims remains closed. Field Marshal Keitel and Field Marshal Rommel each made a pilgrimage to Napoleon's tomb on their first visit to Paris, and Hitler ascended to the top of Eiffel Tower.



American D.F.C. for Air Vice-Marshal Hollingshurst

Lt.-Gen. Lewis H. Brereton (right), Commanding General of Combined Airborne Forces, made a speech when he presented the American D.F.C. awarded to Air Vice-Marshal L. N. Hollingshurst, who commands the 1st R.A.F. Airborne Division. Facing Gen. Brereton are Major-Gen. Paul L. Williams, Air Vice-Marshal Hollingshurst and Col. James E. Duke



Soviet Trade Delegation in England

Four members of the Soviet Trade delegation, inspecting British Army equipment, visited a R.E.M.E. workshop. Accompanied by a British Army officer acting as interpreter, Major Gavrilin, Capt. Tikhonov, Major Shestakov and Major Sokolov were shown round the shop



### A.T.C. South-West Command Headquarters Staff

Puddicombe, Exmouth

This picture was taken on the occasion of a visit from Air Marshal Sir Leslie Gossage, Director-General and Chief Commandant of the Air Training Corps. Sitting: S/Ldr. J. C. F. Gundry, S/Ldr. E. P. Davy, W/Cdr. A. H. Jenkins, Air Marshal Sir L. Gossage, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., Air Cdre. H. P. Smyth-Osbourne, C.M.G., W/Cdr. E. G. Oakley-Beuttler, O.B.E., S/Ldr. Sir John St. Aubyn, Bt., S/Ldr. A. V. Campbell, C.B., D.S.O., S/Ldr. Lord Ashton of Hyde. Standing: F/Lt. A. J. Cleasby, F/Lt. N. Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C., F/Lt. L. H. Snape, M.B.E., S/Ldr. C. R. Humphries, Lt. G. E. Elton-Morgan, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Col. A. H. Phillips, M.C., S/Ldr. M. B. Hitchman, S/Ldr. B. C. J. Rickard, F/Lt. G. E. Winn, F/Lt. H. R. H. Medley

It is strange to visit Paris now and to ponder on the swiftness of the change which has come about. In many famous buildings signs remain of the German occupation, and particularly in Government departments and administrative buildings. Whatever the Germans did in Paris, they have not changed the face of the capital. It is still the same, maybe a little sadder and somewhat greyer and a trifle more serious. But its elegance and dignity remain.

### Morale

THE hearing of the people of Paris, and more so in the provincial cities of France, is remarkable. Only in their freedom do they appear to realize what they have undergone. While Paris escaped heavy bombardment, there are towns like Brest and Le Havre and Rouen which have suffered terribly. Yet the people on emerging from the trials of war are cheerful and courageous and strangely without bitterness. They are setting about their individual tasks of rehabilitation in great spirit. They have many difficulties to overcome. The most formidable is the lack of communications. There are few trains, no postal services, telephonic communication is uncertain, so are telegraphic services. There is very little petrol and therefore few cars on the road. Those cars which are in use have suffered from the years of disuse and no new ones have been produced.

France's greatest problem at this moment, however, is coal. Paris is without baths, and until transport is organized on a sufficiently large scale most of France will be without adequate heating this winter. Even if coal could be mined at this moment, there are no pit props available to enable the miners to get to work. Pit props mostly come from Bordeaux and so far this part of France is cut off. The key to France's problems at the moment, therefore, is transport and there cannot be transport without coal. For coal controls the railway system, and the railways are mostly without locomotives, for these have been bombed incessantly by the Allies.

### Recognition

THE recognition of the present Government of France puts a heavy responsibility on

General de Gaulle. He has now to prove himself. He can no longer put the blame on the Allied Powers for any of the administrative difficulties which may trouble France. This responsibility has fallen on him when the organization of France is at its weakest. So many difficulties are inherent in her situation and the means to solve them are not easily at hand. This is where the question of communications is so important.

For the past few weeks Paris has been almost cut off from the rest of France. There have been no means of controlling happenings in the rest of the country. In most cases the local resistance leaders have assumed control under the inspiration of General de Gaulle's leadership, but without much personal contact.



### Primate's Memorial Service

At Westminster Abbey for the memorial service for Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Claud Hamilton represented Queen Mary. He has been Comptroller and Treasurer in Her Majesty's Household since 1936



### Three at an Investiture

Major-Gen. George Surtees went to an investiture at Buckingham Palace a short time ago, to receive the C.B. and the C.B.E. Mrs. Surtees and a friend went with him. Major-Gen. Surtees is at Headquarters, South-Eastern Command

Out of the war the rebirth of a new France is beginning, a France whose present control is mostly in the hands of young men who owe no allegiance to the politics of the past. Few of them have had much administrative experience. This is particularly true of the members of General de Gaulle's government. Some of them—not all—were living clandestine lives up to a few weeks ago. They dared not sleep in the same bed two nights in succession. They had to keep on the move for fear the Gestapo would capture them. Among those who lived a dangerous life as a leader of the Resistance Movement was M. Georges Bedault, France's new Foreign Minister. By profession he is a journalist. By general consent he is regarded as one of the most able members of the Government.

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Some Cutting Remarks

By James Agate

WHAT'S all this fuss about cutting? My revered colleague, Dilys Powell, recently wrote about the new film at the Plaza:—

Again and again throughout the film we find this over-all movement within the scene: figures gathering for a speech, arguments behind the scenes in an election campaign, a voters' meeting. It must not, of course, blind us to the ferocious efficiency of the cutting. In *Hail The Conquering Hero* every scene, every gesture is broken off when its point has been made and not a fraction of a second later; the aside is cut at the precise moment when it has become intelligible. Let us look into this matter of cutting.

NINE-TENTHS of novel writing are a waste of time because nine-tenths of novels are written for old ladies in Buxton or Cheltenham who have nothing to do but bulge in the bow-windows of private hotels with the circulating library's latest novel. This has to be long in order to spare the old ladies the too-frequent trudge to the library. Whether they know it or not, the maxim of the popular novelist must ever be: Twaddle To Save Waddle. That is why you read this sort of thing:—

Lord Eustace descended slowly from the limousine.

"I shall not want you again, Skeggs," he said.

"Very good, my lord," said the chauffeur, touching his cap with a gesture in which a

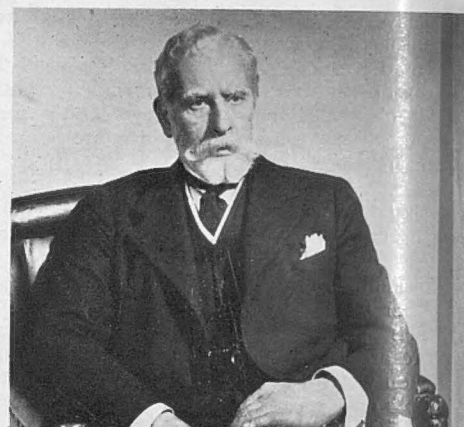
In the novel this sort of stuff is all very well, and if I were condemned to spend my life gazing out of bow-windows, I should probably read this sort of stuff. In the film it would be utterly tedious. And this is where I take it that good cutting comes in. You don't see Lord Eustace tramp those endless corridors, mount those steps, descend from that limousine or even get into it. You cut from the moment when Lord Eustace hears a fellow-member at the Club stop dead in the middle of a sentence concerning his wife. The next shot shows the lady telling her husband not to be ridiculous. And the next? This, of course, shows the stain on the wall caused by the dish of crumpets which so narrowly missed his lordship's head.

CURIOUS art, the secret of which, if I read my colleague aright, is not putting in but leaving out. It is as though Wagner had handed *Tristan* to some cutter and said: "Take your scissors, boy, and turn this into a masterpiece." What I can't understand is why film directors take the trouble to photograph so much that they know they're going to cut out. Of course, Preston Sturges's cutting is excellent. But why make so much fuss about it? Nobody should be allowed to make a film unless he can cut with the ferocious efficiency with which this film has been cut. Is it suggested that in that case most films would

"You are the only woman I know who can wear an orchid. Generally it's the orchid that wears the woman." These words were written by Woodrow Wilson to Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt (Geraldine Fitzgerald), who later became his second wife and a strong influence in Wilson's political life



Romance comes into life at The White House when Wilson's daughter Eleanor (Mary Anderson) falls in love with the Secretary of the Treasury, William Gibbs McAdoo (Vincent Price), whom she later marries



Wilson's chief antagonist is Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Lodge rigidly opposes the League of Nations

discreet sympathy was discernible. He knew all about the trouble with her ladyship.

Lord Eustace ascended the steps. There were seven of them; there had been seven of them since his earliest infancy. He remembered that his nurse had dropped him on the third step—or was it the fourth? Which accounted for the slight curvature in his spine.

"Her ladyship in?" he asked. And sympathy was again visible in the grizzled butler's reply. "In the blue room, my lord." Were we more flippant we might hint to the reader that however blue her ladyship's boudoir, her husband was feeling bluer still.

Wending his way through endless corridors which had once rung with the steps of his Norman ancestors, Lord Eustace entered that one of her boudoirs which his wife affected on Wednesdays. Tea had obviously just been served, but he waved away the proffered crumpet with a bitter sneer. "We have sterner matters to discuss, Alethea," he hissed. "I refer, of course, to your infatuation for young Gonzales Bensusan, which has become the talk of the Club."

"Don't," she said—and every word was like a poniard driven home by a hand of ice—"Don't be ridiculous!"

come to an end after some twenty minutes? *Tant mieux*, as our neighbours wittily say.

THE story of the little squirt who is boosted into a hero must, by the time these lines are printed, have gone round London. This film cocks a magnificent snook at small-town patriotism. Nothing is forgotten. The flag-waving, the processions, the irrepressible brass band, the pompous officials, the ridiculous women with their super-absurd hats, the bouquet-presenting child—everything is there. The result is an hour and a half of unforgettable laughter. In the end the film dwindles into sentimentality, very much as though in *Le Rosier de Madame Husson* the young man had repented and resumed his innocence. However, up to the last quarter of an hour, the film is superb, and even with the final lapse is ten times better than anything that has come out of Hollywood for years. How good an actor young Eddie Bracken is we shall, of course, not know until he appears in a rôle which is not sure-fire from the first cut to the last.

In January, 1916, the White House family consists of the second Mrs. Wilson (Geraldine Fitzgerald), President Wilson (Alexander Knox), Jessie Wilson Sayre (Madeleine Forbes), Eleanor Wilson McAdoo (Mary Anderson) and Margaret Wilson (Ruth Ford)

IF you want laughter of another kind go and see *The Climax* (Odeon), although this story of operatic singers in what are presumably the seventies is intended to be taken seriously. The chief figure is a wicked doctor, Hohner (Boris Karloff), who murders the opera star, Marcellina, because he is jealous of her voice. As he explains in that slow, sinister way that Boris has, her nightly bawling to any one who can pay for a ticket robs him of that passionately exclusive love which should be devoted to him alone. But M. doesn't love him at all, so he strangles her and hides her corpse for ten years in what synopsis tells me is a subterranean room, though the doctor always has to mount steps of monumental height to reach it. Now appears another Voice, that of a young girl who is only a student. Angela (Susanna Foster) is at once engaged to sing in a curious opera where she makes her debut singing Chopin's so-called Minute-Valse and going up to what sounded to me like an E in alt. But the doctor, who doesn't approve of these capers, hypnotizes Angela and robs her of her voice, so that at the next rehearsal, she stops short on a mere high C and stands there mute and motionless, for all the world like the doll in *Tales of Hoffman* when the mechanism has run down.

BUT good must needs triumph over evil, and here is good personified in the composer Franz (Turhan Bey) who counter-hypnotizes Angela, so that she gets her voice back. Whereupon she appears in a revival of some great masterpiece in which the chorus sings Schubert's *Marche Militaire* all through. Needless to say, the doctor is unmasked—by



Inauguration Day, 1913: The Wilson family take possession of the historic White House. The new President with his three daughters and his first wife (Ruth Nelson) pose beneath a portrait of Mrs. Tyler. Soon after moving into the White House, Wilson's whole existence is upset by the death of his wife. For the purpose of the film interiors of the White House were reproduced with great accuracy of detail

## "Wilson"

The Life Story of a Great American President Who Fought for Peace

● *Wilson*, the life-story of a schoolmaster who became President of the United States of America, is expected to reach this country early in the New Year. It has been made by Darryl F. Zanuck under the direction of Henry King and sets out to tell the story of Woodrow Wilson, the schoolmaster, lover, father, prophet and statesman. Wilson's most bitter hour was when his friends "the people" refused to rally to the League of Nations. Overwork brought on a stroke and he retired from public life in 1921.

War with Germany becomes inevitable when German submarines persist in attacking U.S. shipping. Here Wilson attacks the German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff (Tonio Selwart), berating the Germans for their offences against freedom and decency

his own housekeeper, who has taken board and wages for ten years in the hope of denouncing him—after which he inadvertently sets fire to the "subterranean" corpse and to himself. Whereupon Angela in the ecstasy of freedom mounts to apices of sound which turn Mozart's Queen of Night into a basso profundo.

THIS is only a little of this glorious, intoxicating nonsense. You should watch the antics of the king who, seemingly some nine years old, goes to the Opera every night and sits in the front of his box with a body-guard of Goeringesque generals. Or the unnamed prompter who unfolds a score the size of a Shakespeare First Folio but never seems to find the right place. Or the opera singers themselves, all of whom seem to consist exclusively of sopranos and tenors. But the Technicolor is very well managed, with here and there a touch of Orson Wellesian crepuscularity. As for Boris, with his funereal face and his graveyard voice, I now cannot rest till I see him as Hamlet.



The Signing of the Treaty of Versailles. With the gold pen presented by French schoolgirls for the occasion, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, adds his signature to the historic document. On his left hand he wears a signet ring bearing the words "Woodrow Wilson" in shorthand, with which he later "sealed" the Treaty. For many of the scenes of *Wilson* in Paris, the producer has used actual newsreels

# The Theatre

"Hamlet" (Haymarket)

By Horace Horsnell

NOTABLE Hamlets are rare. They star theatre records as particular sovereigns star dynastic history. When seen, they are made a note of, and the tradition lingers. The present generation, to whom Forbes-Robertson, like Garrick or Edmund Kean, is but a name, will probably swear by John Gielgud; though not from lack of other Hamlets



The King: "He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found the very cause of Hamlet's lunacy." The King tells his wife of his conversation with Polonius, who has discovered Hamlet's love for Ophelia (Leslie Banks, Marian Spencer)

to remember. This most famous role has been played in London during the past few months by such well-known actors as Donald Wolfit and Robert Helpmann; but Mr. Gielgud's performance is likely to remain unrivalled.

We have seen him play Hamlet at intervals during several years—at the Old Vic (1929), the New Theatre (1934), and the Lyceum (1939). Moreover, has he not played it even at Elsinore? He is therefore no tyro; nor is his present performance at the Haymarket a mere exercise of repertory versatility.

It invites the epithet, classical. By this I do not suggest that it is coldly correct, but that its style has mellowed. He sinks the actor in the part, the part more deeply in the play than of old, and his technique does not vaunt its virtuosity. The fruit of study and practice is plainly manifest.

While unquestionably the hero of the play, this Hamlet is no comet blazing an independent trail athwart the stage sky, but a

luminary that gilds without dazzling the Shakespearean night. That it is beautifully spoken should go without saying. Sense is not sacrificed to sound; nor is the text patched with declamatory purple.

Mr. Gielgud's rendering of the soliloquies, for instance, is enhanced by the sensitive care he brings to the action they relieve and adorn. He does not "under-score" them for would-be novelty's sake, pretending that they are inspired impromptu, or anything but among the most famous quotations in the world. They fulfil, not merely punctuate, phases of the general action.

THE play is presented in approximate entirety—a custom less honoured in the breach than the observance. This not only lengthens but strengthens the plot. It brings to the limelight scenes, elucidates motives (sometimes forgotten or arbitrarily ignored), and adds enlightening details that help to round off the story as well as some of the secondary characters.

This production at the Haymarket has been directed by Mr. George Rylands, a scholar rather than a West End showman; and a notable result of his supervision is the clarity achieved and maintained by the story. Its



Ophelia: "To the noble mind, rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind." Ophelia, heartbroken at Hamlet's neglect, seeks to return to him the remembrances given to her by him (Peggy Ashcroft, John Gielgud)



Polonius: "To thine own self be true . . . Thou canst not then be false to any man." Polonius (Miles Malleon), the Lord Chamberlain at the Court of Denmark, gives fatherly advice to his son Laertes

unfolding, though possibly over-deliberate at times, is explicit, progressive, and cumulative. Two of the more memorable scenes—the colloquy between Hamlet and the Ghost on the battlements, and that mutual curtain lecture between him and his mother—reveal triumphantly Shakespeare's depth and beauty. They are marvels in their own right, the bed-chamber scene particularly so.

THE exigencies of repertory casting can pinch both players and producer at times; and some of the parts are perhaps less than ideally filled; for Shakespeare did not cut his characterization to the size of the part, but filled all parts with life.

Of the Polonius of Mr. Miles Malleon, however, which is comedy character acting at its near best, general admiration and great enjoyment are likely. Miss Peggy Ashcroft's Ophelia is refreshingly free from mannered whimsy, and notably sweet-voiced, if a thought too categorical in those snatches of song which, one feels, should swim in more like straws in the current, or stray crotchets in a dream.

Miss Marian Spencer's clever Queen would not have lost in plausibility, I thought, by direct transfer to a more modern phase of the Danish dynasty, and Mr. Leslie Banks's King did not eclipse for me happy impressions of his raddled and wretched Lord Porteus in *The Circle*. It is always a pleasure to listen to the voice of Mr. Leon Quartermaine, even when the dews and damps of hell have, so to speak, mottled its histrionic timbre. His Ghost is a beauty.

No performance of *Hamlet* ever gave, or possibly could give, final and universal satisfaction. But this production may be hopefully approached by the seasoned playgoer, and confidently by the happy young, less steeped in chapter and verse, who should find in it richness to remember, and a worthy introduction to a masterpiece.

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



"Trinder's the Name . . . You Lucky People!"

## The Return of Tommy Trinder

"Happy and Glorious" Provides Riotous  
Entertainment at the Palladium

● *Happy and Glorious* is the latest George Black musical funfare at the Palladium. It is fast-moving entertainment, running the whole gamut of emotion from light-hearted foolery through love and laughter to martial glory and national pride. It is all in the best tradition of the Palladium: there is Tommy Trinder with his own peculiar charm and artistry; Elizabeth Welch to sing as only Elizabeth can; Zoe Gail to dance and sing and dress-up enchantingly in male attire; Chappie D'Amato with his guitar; the Dagenham Girl Pipers, looking very martial and inspiring; and last but not least, Debroy Somers and his full stage orchestra. Altogether a grand evening's entertainment

Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Elizabeth Welch sings "Rhythm  
Makes the World Go Round"



The Cairoli Brothers



Zoe Gail on Parade



Zoe Gail and Tommy Trinder  
get together on a Lease-Lend idea



### Clothing from the Argentine

Lady Kelly, wife of the British Ambassador in Buenos Aires, visiting the London W.V.S. Headquarters, was shown gifts of clothing for the bombed-out in Britain from the Argentine



### Portuguese Present Ambulances to the British Red Cross

The Duke of Palmella, Portuguese Ambassador in London, presented to the British Red Cross two ambulances, purchased by the staff of the Sena Sugar Estates. He shook hands with a driver



The Duchess of Palmella and Mrs. Hornung chatted with another driver. The donors of the ambulances, who are members of a firm in Portuguese East Africa, raised over £1250

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Court Mourning

COURT mourning, ordered by His Majesty for the death of his great-aunt, Princess Beatrice, did not cause the cancellation of many functions, since in these days there are, unfortunately, all too few engagements of a character to be affected. Almost the only outward and visible signs were the mourning bands worn by the officers on guard duty at the Palace, and the fact that black instead

of the usual red-headed notepaper and envelopes were in use for official correspondence from the Court.

One semi-private engagement which had to be postponed was a concert party which the King and Queen and the Princesses were to have attended in the country last week-end. Artistes who had been "commanded" to appear were, much to their disappointment, informed through the Lord Chamberlain that their services

would not be wanted, at any rate for a couple of weeks.

His Majesty decreed some time ago that Investitures at Buckingham Palace, though undoubtedly official Royal functions, were not such in themselves as to fall in the category of those affected by Court mourning, since they are national, and not private or individual occasions, like the levees of peacetime for example. Hence, to the satisfaction of all those responsible for the complex organisation of the Investitures—to say nothing of the men and women attending them—the regular flow of medal and decoration distributions went on without interruption, just as the late Princess herself would certainly have wished.

### Ascot Meeting

WITH the end-of-October meeting, the second, and we all hope the last, series of wartime Ascot meetings came to a close, and, though the crowds this year have definitely not been so great as last, perhaps because the novelty of walking at will in the once sacrosanct Royal Enclosure has worn off, nevertheless the Royal course has had another good season.

So successful, indeed, has the wartime inauguration of "popular" racing at Ascot proved, that I understand it is now fairly definitely decided that the experiment shall be continued after the war, with the King's personal approval and permission, as part of the Jockey Club's general scheme for the betterment of racing conditions for the general public. But, as I have hinted before, this will not necessarily mean that pre-war Ascot, in all its loveliness and chic, has gone never to return.

What is in the minds of the King's advisers at Ascot is that there shall be an opening meeting in the summer, with probably four days' racing in the old style, with grey toppers and morning coats, decorative gowns and garden-party hats, and some form of Royal Enclosure, though probably in considerably different conditions from the old days. After this, there could be week-end racing on the same popular lines as this and last year, with all the course open to the public, on as many days as the Stewards of the Jockey Club wish. This scheme would give all-round satisfaction, both to those of us who are reluctant to see the fine and elegant traditions of the Royal garden-party and fashion-parade race meeting disappear, and to those who, having experienced racing under Ascot conditions during the war, are anxious to be able to enjoy the same excellent sport after the war.

### Honour Equerries

HIS MAJESTY, for various reasons, has, I am informed, decided to discontinue, at any rate for the present, the scheme inaugurated last year, for a succession of "honour equerries" chosen from the ranks of young active service officers who have gained

(Continued on page 170)



### The Duchess of Kent Visits Admiral Sir William and Lady Whitworth

During her inspection of the W.R.N.S. in Rosyth Command, the Duchess of Kent visited the C.-in-C., Rosyth, Admiral Sir William Whitworth, at Admiralty House, North Queensferry, when this group was taken. In front: Admiral Whitworth, the Duchess of Kent and Lady Whitworth. Behind: Mrs. V. C. F. Boyd (Superintendent, W.R.N.S.), Flag Lt. D. J. R. Austin, R.N.V.R., Lady Herbert (Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess), Pay-Capt. F. R. J. Mack and Chief Officer R. O. Down, W.R.N.S.

## Family Album



Robinson, Camberley

*Left:* Mrs. Anthony Gray, seen with her year-old daughter, Gillian, was Pamela McClintock, and married S/Ldr. Anthony Gray two years ago. A former member of the 601 Squadron of the Auxiliary Air Force, her husband fought in the Battle of Britain, and is now serving with the R.A.F.



Marcus Adams

*Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Houghton-Beckford, with their family, Robin, Adrian and Caroline, live in Dorset. Lt.-Col. Houghton-Beckford is a Gunner, and since 1939 has served in India, East Africa, Palestine and Egypt, where he was on Gen. Montgomery's staff in Cairo, and was mentioned in despatches. Robin is Mrs. Beckford's son by her first marriage*



*Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Devitt have two children, Judith and Michael. Mr. Devitt, grandson of the late Sir Thomas Devitt, Bt., a former chairman of Lloyds, was a Territorial before the war, and served in the Royal Artillery till 1940, when he was wounded and invalided out of the Army. His wife was Doreen Holman before her marriage*



Marcus Adams

*Mrs. Leslie Mackay is the younger daughter of the late Sir James Domville, Bt., R.N., and of Kathleen Lady Domville, and is a niece of Sir Guy Domville, Bt. She married Major Leslie Mackay, 60th Rifles, in 1936, and they have one son, Anthony, seen here with his mother*



### The New Conservative Chairman and His Wife

Mr. Ralph Assheton, Financial Secretary to the Treasury since 1943, is to give up this post in order to succeed Mr. T. L. Dugdale as Chairman of the Conservative Party. M.P. for Rushcliffe, he has previously been Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministries of Labour and Supply

## On and Off Duty

(Continued)

special distinction. Three officers—two from the Royal Air Force and one from the Royal Navy—have held the post, which involved a three months' period "in waiting," with close personal attendance on the King, and is very far removed from being an honorary or sinecure appointment.

W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, a Pathfinder "ace" with the D.S.O., the D.F.C. and Bar, who succeeded Capt. John Grant, D.S.O., R.N., last May, is the present holder of the post, and his "term" of three months has been indefinitely extended by the King, so that he has become, for all intents and purposes, a permanent member of the Royal Household, where his easy charm and his friendly smile have made him very popular and welcome.

### Fair at the Hyde Park Hotel

MADAME WELLINGTON KOO, the very smart wife of H.E. the Chinese Ambassador, true to her promise, opened the Aid to China Grand Fair and Gift Sale at the Hyde Park Hotel. The Fair proved a tremendous success, and all day long was crowded with people milling around, meeting friends, buying Christmas gifts, and in between times dancing and watching the excellent cabaret show provided. Madame Koo is a good speaker, and took advantage of the occasion to tell the listening throng something of the aims and war position

of her country, which has now been at war for fourteen years, dating back to the invasion of Manchukuo by Japan.

Petite and slim, Madame Koo, wrapped in a black broadtail coat, had on a most alluring and amusing black felt hat with a red knob on top, reminiscent of the celebrated headpiece worn by the great Panjandrum, and with a long, bright green tassel falling right to her shoulder. Around her stood members of the committee, among them the deputy chairman, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, who made one of her lighthearted and cheering little speeches, and the Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps, who read out telegrams of apology for absence from her sisters-in-law, the Hon. Lady Cripps and the Hon. Lady Egerton.

### People There

AMONG the stallholders were Madame Phang, who was in charge of a special stall for China; Mrs. Cripps, in charge of games; Mrs. Howard Wyndham, watching over the programme prizes; Lady Dashwood, selling toys made by N.F.S. men; Mrs. Warren Pearl; Mrs. Stuart Vogt, chairman of the Library Committee of the American Women's Club, and Mrs. Washington Singer, representing America; and Lady Waddilove, at the stall where white elephants were to be found. Lady Macleay and Lady Neave sold woollies, among them knitted gloves, hand-made by Lady Macleay, which proved a great success. Altogether it is hoped that something in the neighbourhood of £2000 was made for the Fund during the course of the day.



### A Christening in Inverness

Paterson, Inverness

Jonathan James, second son of Major J. A. Warre, M.C., and Mrs. Warre, was christened at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness. In this group, after the ceremony, are Miss Judith Baillie, Baroness Burton, Mrs. J. A. Warre with the baby, Angus Warre and his nurse, and Lady Maud Baillie, mother of Mrs. Warre

### Queen Charlotte's Ball

"VERY crowded and very successful" was the general verdict on the latest ball held to aid Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. Lady Howard de Walden, whose name has been associated with the Ball for many pre-war years, was present, and had a small party which included her sister, Mrs. Humphrey, with her husband. Lady Hamond-Graeme's huge table, with its fifty or sixty guests, has been a feature of these balls all through the war years, and this time was no exception. Among her guests were the Archduke Robert of Austria, the Hon. Audrey and the Hon. Enid Paget, Lady Dorothy Macmillan's daughter, Katherine, and the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley. Marie Lady Willington danced energetically; Lady Bedingfield had King Zog's two nieces and their cousin, Prince Tati, at her table; her party also included Lord St. Aldwyn, the Hon. Maureen Butler and her sister Sheila, the Hon. Barbara Fisher, several American officers, and Miss Jean Ogilvie.

### Others There

MRS. WALTER DUNCAN was delightedly enjoying her evening with all her three daughters and her son, Atholl, just back from India; Lady Wakefield was another hostess. She had quite a large party, which included two of her daughters, the eldest, Mrs. Rainsford, in sapphire blue, and her sister, Sheila, in cherry-red velvet, and Mr. John S. Dumeresque, recently home from the States. Sir Wavell could not be there, as he has not yet returned from South Africa.

(Concluded on page 184)



### A Lunch to Celebrate Belgium's Liberation

Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen and Viscount Leverhulme were at the celebration luncheon in London. Sir Hughe is British Ambassador to Belgium and Minister to Luxembourg



Lady Knatchbull-Hugessen, wife of the British Ambassador to Belgium, had Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, as her neighbour at the luncheon



### French Ambassador in Britain

M. Rene Massigli (seen with his wife), recently appointed French Ambassador in London, has been one of General de Gaulle's closest collaborators since his escape from France in 1943



*Yvonne Gregory*

## An October Bride: the Hon. Mrs. J. J. Astor

On October 23rd Señorita Ana Inez de Cárcano was married in London to Major the Hon. John Jacob Astor, youngest son of Viscount Astor and Viscountess Astor, M.P. She is the younger of the two pretty daughters of Dr. Miguel Angel de Cárcano, Argentine Ambassador in Britain, and of Señora Stella de Morra de Cárcano. Her father was appointed Ambassador in London in February 1942, and had previously held the same post in Paris. Mrs. Astor has one brother, who was married in Buenos Aires two years ago

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONCE more the Admiralty are inviting the public to co-operate in future invasion plans by sending in, when so instructed, holiday snapshots of "scenes or subjects taken in the Far East." We doubt if the more romantic Admiralty boys feel very exhilarated over the probable result, however valuable strategically.

Among the millions of Kodak snapshots of French beaches sent in by the populace before D-Day relatively few, we dare guess, had much to do with the main beach finally selected. Auntie Madge didn't often bathe at Arromanches (Calvados), a very minor plage with three hotels and no casino, frequented in normal times chiefly by the bourgeoisie of Bayeux and Caen. And even if Dusty managed to snap Auntie frolicking *à mi-corps* in the waves, with the beach of Arromanches behind her, her left hip probably blotted out just the ideal tank-landing-place or floating-dock-anchorage the Admiralty were searching for. Naturally if Dusty had snapped something easier on the eye, such as Babs and Muriel shrimping or romping at low tide, the Admiralty boys could have filed away the snapshot (with address and 'phone-number) for administrative purposes in any case. But such compensations were doubtless rare, and, we

fear, will be even rarer with the Far Eastern series. There's something about a solar topee which would make Botticelli's Primavera or the Venus Anadyomene herself look like Nellie Wallace selling fish.

## Footnote

ANY Malayan snapshots the Admiralty get, incidentally, will have one thing in common, whatever the background. In the eyes of each sturdy, red-kneed, uncomprehending Empire-builder, in the eyes of each Empire-builder's passionate, misunderstood wife, will be noticed the same strained expectant expression, together with a curious contraction of the right hand, as if gripping something hard, such as a bit of lead-piping. They are waiting, a globetrotting chap tells us, for a return visit by a certain eminent British novelist.

## Figure

ACCORDING to Captain Robert Graves in the *Times*, the original Private Thomas Atkins is first mentioned officially in a War Office Order of 1815. He served in the



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"Good morning—I'm from U.N.R.R.A."

23rd Foot, now the Royal Welch Fusiliers, was a native of the picturesque Welch village of Odiham, Hants., and a labourer in civil life.

Why posterity picked on Atkins as the English soldier-type was thus due to officialdom. His name is no more English than some of the names on a 15th-century payroll of the infantry defending Orleans in St. Joan's time; for example, Jack Burford, Tom Reed, Dick Hawke, Tom Jolly, and a soldier we especially esteem called simply "Black Harry," who must have been the kind of blackvised surly devil you find in every platoon. Nothing pleased Black Harry at Orleans, we bet. Roll on the blurry war. Roll on my blurry leaf. All right, Sarge, why blurry well pick on me? Atkins, an alien in a strange regiment, may have been a similar type, his native bearishness exacerbated by the old Welch habit of solving all problems by bursting into close-harmony. And if he'd foreseen being exploited by Slogger Kipling in India and from the South African War onwards he'd have grouched a trifle more, doubtless.

## Tact

NINETY-EIGHT PER CENT. of the letters published daily in the newspapers being the most banal and aimless kind of drooling, it was a change to find Mr. W. R. Titterton, on behalf of British fair-play, handing an Ulster M.P. a dainty half-brick in the *Daily Telegraph* recently:

"These figures were refused in the House of Commons, for fear of offending people like Prof. —."

The said figures (regimentally checked) give the number of citizens domiciled in Eire who enlisted in the British Forces at the outbreak of war—150,000, not counting all the other Southern Irishmen in the forces. To suppress these figures in the House for fear of hurting somebody's feelings seems to us charming. Probably a lot of secret kindness of the sort goes on behind the legislative scenes. E.g.:

"I see you're down for Question 27 tomorrow, old boy—something about basic pig-rations."  
"Yes."



"Here's Betty's Bar"

(Concluded on page 174)

## Indian Items



### Commander of the 14th Army

The King recently conferred a knighthood on Lt.-Gen. Sir William Slim, in recognition of the victory won by the Fourteenth Army in India and Burma. This portrait of the General was painted by Capt. Metcalf, an official artist of Indian Public Relations



### Chief of Staff

Brig. S. F. Irwin is Chief of Staff to Lt.-Gen. Sir William Slim, commander of the Fourteenth Army in Burma. He recently returned to London for a visit, after seven years' absence.



### C.-in-C., India

General Sir Claude Auchinleck, C.-in-C. India, visited an Indian Division and presented medal ribbons to the officers and men. Here Lt.-Col. C. M. Forteach receives the M.B.E.



### Maharaja Presents a Sword of Honour

A sword made of solid gold, bearing the Jodhpur coat-of-arms, is presented to the best pupil officer passing out from Ambala Air Station. Air/Cdre. the Maharaja of Jodhpur is seen here handing the sword to the winner, G/Capt. P. C. Hilton, at Ambala



### Admiral Decorates an Indian Sailor

Rear-Admiral Rattray, C.I.E., R.I.N., pinned the ribbon of the D.S.M. on the jumper of Ldg. Seaman Ghulam Ahmed, of the Royal Indian Navy, awarded for gallant service at Abadan in August 1941. The presentation was made in the Royal Indian Navy Depot, Bombay



### Viceroy Inspects Rajputana Rifles

Field-Marshal Lord Wavell congratulated the Rajputana Rifles, who had just returned to India after five years, on their bravery, and presented decorations to those who had distinguished themselves in action in the Middle East. Major P. A. Scaife received the M.C. from the Viceroy

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

"I wouldn't ask it if I were you, old boy."

"Why not?"

"Well, old boy, Stinker says the Buffalo told him poor little Mrs. Whackstraw would be fearfully cut up."

"Why?"

"Well, old boy, it's a long story. A long, cruel story. The story of a woman's love, old boy—you wouldn't want to compromise the honour of one of the sweetest little women on earth, old boy, would you?"

## Reaction

MOST Conservative M.P.'s straighten their ties and answer loudly "No, by Heaven!" Some Independent M.P.'s stubbornly answer "Yes," whereupon the smooth official gentleman says: "All right, you cad, ask your beastly pig-food question and ruin the life of the daintiest little fairy that ever trod a Mayfair pavement." Blows may follow. Heartbreak House, that's what that Westminster dump is, and you can quote us.

## Charity

THAT deed-of-gift for promoting chess-tournaments in Portsmouth which the High Court recently declared to be "a valid charitable trust" probably has a clause in it empowering kindhearted spectators at a chess-tourney to lay out the players decently and buy them a few inexpensive flowers.

Rigor mortis usually sets in, a chap tells us, round about the fifteenth game. Players of the rank of a Capablanca or a Tartakower can hold off death much longer, and their frozen immobility has indeed often deceived the charitable, rushing up with a sheet and candles. As it says in No. 78 of the Chess Song-Book:

Who laid the pennies on Rubinstein's eyes?

Pure human kindness—yet what a surprise! (etc.).

And again in No. 120:

Hark o'er the silent hall, a note sedate—

The undertaker crooning to his mate (etc.).

Some players when laid out turn out to be merely in a catalepsy or trance, for which reason one should always call a surgeon and have them bled. The charitable have to judge what to do for themselves, since it is not correct chess etiquette to inform on the lately dead. Which recalls the somewhat similar Hogmanay etiquette, noted in the story of the Laird of Garskadden:

"Wha' gars that fule Garskadden luk sae gash?"

"Ou, Garskadden's been wi' his Maker these two hours; I saw him step awa', but I dinna like to distairb gude company."

## Contretemps

WHAT use a "transparent" violin, made from perspex, a coal by-product, will be to anybody on God's earth (except for teasing shy female Philharmonic subscribers) we cannot conceive. But the Fleet Street boys seemed quite excited over this recent triumph of Progress.

Far more practical, from the serious musician's standpoint,

would be a flute made of marzipan. It would embarrass the critics damnably when a guest solo artist of the status of a Goossens started eating his flute methodically halfway through a recital. You can see the pale ascetic critical faces bent thoughtfully under midnight lamps; the biting of cultured pens; the inward struggle to preserve poise, infallibility, and a dignified calm. Already the more epileptic Press would be tearing off the big story with frenzied yowls:

## AMAZING MUSICAL DRAMA MYSTERY SENSATION.

Well-Known Aztec Flautist in Albert Hall Concerto Scene.

2500 WOMEN SWOON AS

GUEST-ARTIST EATS

CONDUCTOR, ORCHESTRA,

INSTRUMENTS, FITTINGS.

Clergyman's Cry of "Oh, You

Awful!": Half-Chewed Critic's

Amazing Escape: Panicking

£10,000 Crowd, Led by

Weeping Sailor's Mother,

Sings "Parted."

Meanwhile Auntie Times's boy would be concluding a polished résumé of the evening's happenings. "In the Adagio Mr. Axalotl's overtones were, perhaps, a thought woolly . . . clarity of texture . . . seminal and creative interpretation . . . formal exposition of the re-entrant . . . *Sturm und*



"Have you by any chance got two separate pennies?"

*Drang . . . Sic vos non vobis . . . Le style c'est l'homme même . . . il gran rifiuto . . .* Mr. Axalotl concluded the Allegro halfway, a trifle abruptly, perhaps, by utilising an apparently ligneous wind-instrument as a comestible."

Auntie's heading for that would be:

PHILHARMONIC SEASON  
OPENED.

Brahms' Flute Concerto

## Enigma

PHILATELIES continues to be one of Life's major mysteries. He left it at that, being either incurious or scared.

Having devoted some time to trying to probe the mystery, we conclude it's obviously a cloak for something. Reasoning as follows:

1. No sane human being would spend time sticking little bits of paper on other bits of paper unless there were something behind it.

2. The odd fact that all the leading stamp-dealers are bald as china doorknobs can hardly be accidental. (Therefore a ritual of some sort?)

3. Stamp-auctions offer no clue, except that those attending often scratch the left ear with a pencil. But witches' covens likewise never give themselves away to the uninitiate. (Maybe all philatelists have a black claw-mark on the left breast?)

4. Possibly there is a system of communication nobody has yet discovered from outside. E.g., if you said to some philatelist: "Have you a blue surcharged Nicaragua, 1887?" he might reply: "The Black Joke is at midnight. Ring three times and ask for Dr. Parsley."

What actually goes on at a philatelists' coven is probably something one could hardly begin to hint at in the presence of the mems, much as the mems would like it. Let's talk about something healthier. How's the old grey mare's hocks, Colonel?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Quite frankly, Miss Henderson—I haven't the vaguest idea what your mother would say if she could see you now"



*A Balancing Feat on the See-Saw*

## A Busy Mother And Her Family of Four



*In the Store Cupboard*

● The Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor's family, Julia, Thomas, Georgina and Harriet, are fast growing up, and all four of them are now proud possessors of triecycles. Their father, Major the Hon. Sherman Stonor, Lord Camoys' only son, is in the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, and in his absence Mrs. Stonor acts as bailiff of Stonor Park, his place near Henley-on-Thames. These pictures were taken at Assendon Lodge, a house on the estate, where the family have been living for some time. Mrs. Stonor (who was Jeanne Stourton) is on the local rural council, and in the Police Reserve

*Photographs by Swacbc*



*The Swing is a Favourite Amusement with the Children*



*A Cycling Meet of the Stonor Family*



*Peer: "To your father's palace we'll gallop away"*  
Peer, outlawed by his own people, meets the Woman in Green up in the mountains. Seduced by her and inflamed by her beauty, he accompanies her to the palace of her father, the wicked Troll King (Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton)



*Troll King: "To begin with, you're much too free with my daughter"*  
The Troll King (Nicholas Hannen), surrounded by his slimy, slithy servants, threatens to slit Peer's eyes so that reality may not disturb his dreams

● Mr. Norman Ginsbury's translation of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* was chosen by the Old Vic Theatre Company as their opening-of-the-season production at the New Theatre. *Peer Gynt* is a highly dramatic, poetical fantasy which was written by Ibsen in 1867, and proved to be the forerunner of many great masterpieces. Grieg contributed the music. It has been produced by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, the Administrator of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells Companies, and is brilliantly performed by Ralph Richardson and the supporting company, which includes such distinguished players as Dame Sybil Thorndike, Nicholas Hannen, Harcourt Williams, Laurence Olivier and Joyce Redman



*Peer: "It's the jingling sleigh-bells, dear"*  
Peer steals down from the mountains by night to visit his mother, Aase (Sybil Thorndike). He finds her dying and, reviving an old childhood game, he takes her riding through the snow



*Peer: "Is your father religious? Are you the same kind?"*  
In youth Peer is feared by the village maidens, hated by their parents for his wild ways. At a marriage feast, he meets Solveig (Joyce Redman), the girl of his heart who remains faithful to the memory of his brief, unorthodox wooing all her days

A Well-Known British



*Peer: "No soul? Then I'll get you one"*  
Peer has found his way to Africa. He has amassed a great fortune trafficking in slaves. He meets Anitra (Vida Hope), a dancing girl, and, foolish with easy living, falls for her wiles



Peer: "In short, I am master of the situation"  
In middle age Peer acquires great wealth and power. He is the supreme egoist ruthlessly purposed to one ideal—the satisfaction of his own desires



Peer: "There's the outer layer, all bruised and broken"  
In old age Peer likens life to an onion. "Nothing but swathings, each smaller and smaller, with nothing inside it."  
He has returned to his native land and seeks he knows not what

## Richardson's "Peer Gynt"

British Actor in a New Translation of Ibsen's Poetical Masterpiece

Photographs by John Vickers



Hussein: "I'm a pen. Come, slit me"  
Peer, visiting the Pyramids, meets a mad German tourist. By him he is led to the House of the Lunatics. Here he meets Hussein, one of the mad ones (Nicholas Hannen), who leads on his fellows to crown Peer their King, the Emperor of Self. (On the right is Harcourt Williams as Beggriffenfeldt)



Button-moulder: "And therefore, my friend, you'll be melted down"  
In his old age, Peer returns to his native land. His stumbling footsteps guide him to the mountains. Here he is discovered by the Moulder of Buttons (Laurence Olivier), who warns him that the time has come for him to give account of his life

# Hollywood Wedding

## Nigel Bruce's Daughter Married



Here comes the bride . . . Nigel Bruce leads his daughter Jennifer to the altar. She is now the wife of Lt. Jay Gould III.

Photographs by Hyman Fink, Hollywood



Mrs. Jay Gould welcomed guests at the reception held in her honour by her father and mother. She is shaking hands with Reginald Gardiner, while her husband, Jay Gould III, and her mother, Mrs. Nigel Bruce, look approvingly on.

• Scores of filmland personalities thronged All Saints Episcopal Church in Hollywood when Jennifer Bruce, younger daughter of British actor Nigel Bruce, was married to Lt. Jay Gould III. Jennifer is the niece of Sir Michael Bruce, Bt., of Stenhouse, Stirlingshire, the author of several historical books and a well-known authority on Scottish armour and dress. After serving in the War of 1914-18, her father, Nigel Bruce, made a great name for himself on the stage both in this country and in America, appearing in *The Ringer*, *The Letter*, *Springtime for Henry*, and many other equally well-known plays. In 1931 he went into motion pictures, and since then has made his home in Hollywood.



At the reception, guests wandered about the lovely garden of the Bruces' home. Basil Rathbone is with Lt. Robert Stack, U.S.N.



Ronald Colman was among the guests. He is seen arriving at the church escorting his wife



Constance Collier, Herbert Marshall and John Cromwell joined in a mutual toast to the bride and groom

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## "Tantivy"

IN normal times we should now be well launched upon a form of sport with which, according to the concoctors of fiction, the word at the head of this paragraph is connected, but, as things are by no means normal, and are not likely to be for some time to come, I am afraid that we shall have to deny ourselves the indulgence of ejaculating this peculiar word, which never has had any connection at all with fox-hunting, but may have had with the noises made by a coach-horn—but even about this I am not quite sure. I think that it must be a gurgitation from the stage and the film, for both of which industries the dangerous and picturesque sport under reference appears to possess an

with suits of mail and plate of Milan steel: table occupied in force by large chorus of both sexes, pink coats and black habits alternating, all fully accoutred with spurs, whips, hunting horns, gloves, hats, veils and such-like. Band strikes up "A-hunting We Will GO! Tantivy! Tantivy! Tantivy!" Whole company bellows chorus. Then enter peacock (dead, but with full plumage), borne on high by head-waiter in white wig, purple plush coat, yellow breeches, black stockings, followed by Chef de Cuisine carrying Boar's Head chewing lemon, followed in half-sections by varlets, also in powdered wigs, caparisoned in pink, green, yellow, pale-blue and violet coats, bearing aloft huge hams, pheasants, partridges, capercaillie, etc., then rear-guard led by Wine Waiter with heavy gold chain of calling round his neck, followed by Vintners in purple and green in column of sections, carrying Jeroboams of Champagne, Wassail Bowls, barrels labelled "Old October," and rear brought up by two sections of mobile cocktail-bars manned by coloured gentlemen dressed like Prince Monolulu.

## Actual

THE HUNT BREAKFAST: Discovered solus: large, thin man with face very like a fox, with closely-clipped moustache and blue chin, in coat colour of a Red Hereford, blue birds-eye, or, perhaps, Old Harrovian, muffler, opening pile of letters: taking occasional gulp out of huge coffee-cup and not quite so occasional snaps at kidney and bacon, or even (in time of peace) boiled eggs. Enter noiselessly at uncertain intervals persons of both sexes—no pink coats, no spurs, no hunting crops, no top hats, no hunting ties—no sound, excepting when someone takes the lid off the eggs and bacon, the sausages, or such-like things. Enter hyper-horsey youth, who says "Mornin', Charles! Ought to be a spot of smell!" Dead silence and discouraging frowns. Enter Galloping George, "The Sheik of The Shires." Grabs two eggs, Worcester sauce, vinegar, and Tabasco—also a glass. No one so much as looks at him.



W/Cdr. Cohen, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C.

Sixty-eight-year-old W/Cdr. Lionel Cohen recently received the D.F.C. for gallantry and devotion to duty in air operations. He has been air liaison officer with the Royal Navy since 1940, voluntarily acting as air-gunner and observer on forty-five operational flights

irresistible attraction. Even if "they" do manage to kill hunting, we shall always have the stage and the film conceptions to buoy us up: "huntsmen" breakfasting prodigiously, caparisoned in pink coats, hunting caps, spurs, etc., and lady punchers arriving at the after-the-chase tea in habits, appropriately, but unconvincingly, daubed with whitewash by the stage carpenter, and veils and top hats, high-heeled patent-leather boots, and probably a spur on the wrong one. So we must not be downhearted, even though the gulf between Conception and Reality is so wide and so deep as to make us shudder.

## Fiction

THE HUNT BREAKFAST: The Principal Hunter, sometimes called the M.F.H., a large and fat-faced man in velvet hunting cap, pink coat, tie rather like a napkin as folded by expert Wop waiter, seated at head of a long table in Baronial Hall, walls of which are covered with antlers, heads of stuffed moose, claymores "targets," halberds, naval cutlasses, axes, etc., and, of course, the whole chamber cluttered



Richardson, Worcester

## A Red Cross Auction

This donkey and cart raised £550 for the Red Cross Agricultural Fund at Ledbury's fifth annual sale for the cause. The Hon. Elizabeth Somers-Cocks (right), celebrating her twenty-second birthday, opened the sale, and with her are her mother, Lady Somers, Mr. B. Hooke Rimmell and Miss Doreen Bennion



Capt. Jamieson, V.C. Lenare

Capt. David Jamieson was awarded the V.C. for outstanding leadership and great personal bravery while commanding a company of The Royal Norfolk Regiment in Normandy throughout thirty-six hours of very bitter fighting. He was twice wounded



## Officers of H.M.S. Garth

When the King returned from his recent visit to France, he travelled in the destroyer H.M.S. Garth. The ship is commanded by Capt. W. Gronow Davis, D.S.C., R.N., of Bristol, who is seen above with his First Lieutenant, Lt. J. G. V. Holt, R.N., who comes from East Bergholt, Essex

He breakfasts and departs. No servants—not even a Seneschal. No suits of armour—no band—no singing—no wassail bowl.

## Fiction: The "Meet"

EXTERIOR of Baronial Hall. Leading Huntsman blows blast on horn (with reed in it), six Assistant Huntsmen crack whips and yell: "Yoicks! Tally Ho! Tantivy!" Band strikes up "March of the Gladiators" (Morituri te Salutant). Black-and-white bitch of Near-Foxhound type runs off with mutton-chop into Ha! Ha! Menial in pink coat, hired to whip the dogs, gallops in hot pursuit and gives animal a severe thrashing. About 300 huntsmen and huntswomen arrive. Hidden fanfare blares forth! Band plays "John Peel," dogs yelp, so does the entire assemblage; whips crack, and all move off at Hunt Cup pace down wide grass allée, or avenue, leading from embattled edifice, jumping flight of gorsed hurdles en route. Dogs, or hounds as they are called, go off like scalded cats on line of an

(Concluded on page 180)

# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

animal that looks like a rabbit or a mongoose. Noise deafening. Principal Huntsman leads field to Hostelry ("The Dead Cow"): Host, in obvious state of "having drink taken," greets P.H. and Male and Female Beauty Chorus with: "Your lunch is all ready, Your Grace!" Enter Omnes to vast tap-room; chorus of twenty-four Barmaids sings: "Roll Out the Barrel." 12.30 p.m., procession of stretchers upon which are inanimate forms of entire Hunt.

## Actual: A Midshire Monday

TIME, 10.45: Place, Foxpadsby—seat of M.F.H. Bitch (canine) pack arrive inconspicuously from kennels two miles away, followed by huntsman's and whips' second horsemen. Considerable car-park in front of house, likewise large quantity of steeds in rugs: only sound heard is occasional hiss from a groom. Persons of both sexes in coats and caps and soft hats emerge at intervals from cars and go into house to say "howdy" to



Oxford and Cambridge Rugby Captains

D. R. Stuart

Alexander H. Campbell, a medical student at Trinity, is Oxford's Rugby captain this season, and plays centre three-quarter

D. Brian Vaughan, St. John's, has been elected to captain the Cambridge Rugby XV. for this season. He plays forward



Three Men of Arnhem: Caricatures at Brigade Headquarters

Above are impressions of three officers on the Headquarters Staff of a Parachute Brigade which fought at Arnhem. They were drawn by Private Tom Smitch, a newspaper cartoonist in civil life. The artist was at Arnhem with Brigade Headquarters. Left to right: Capt. R. R. Temple, G3 (Air), Capt. R. E. Bonham-Carter (M.O.) and Capt. H. B. Rooty (Staff Captain)



Watching the Jackie Paterson—Danny Webb Fight at the Queensberry Club

Mr. Parker Bowles sat between Lt. the Hon. Richard Stanley and his brother, Lord Stanley. Grandsons of Lord Derby, both the Stanleys are in the Grenadier Guards



Mr. Tom Walls, the well-known owner, trainer and actor, was a ringside spectator at the Queensberry Club, and his son, S/Ldr. Tom Walls, junior, was with him

M.F.H. and his also much-liked lady, and perhaps to have a binder of something, some port, cherry brandy and a sandwich, in spite of only just having finished their breakfasts. "Sheik of The Shires" arrives in guise of chasseur à cheval, because he lives only a park and four (Leicestershire) fields away. Prairie Oyster (presumably) arrives with him. 10.55: M.F.H. emerges on steps fully caparisoned for war: walks over to hounds: huntsman takes off cap: tells M.F.H. Harvester and Habbakuk both came in (lame) last night. M.F.H. says "Mornin'!" to various nice-looking people: then gets on to rangey, hard-looking bay, good enough to win at Cheltenham; no horns are blown: no whips are cracked: only sound "Ounds, please!" "War 'oss 'Arriet!" Procession moves off at walk till clear of crowd: no trumpets, no "John Peel," no extraordinary sound other than perhaps a squeal and a scuffle or two from horses, whose last turn was Wednesday: pace increases to hound jog: turn off road, through field-gate, advance at canter over ridge and furrow for a mile and a half towards thicket called Clawface Thorns: pace decreased to walk, and then whole column excepting loose horse, property of hyper-horsey youth, halts: complete silence (we hope) till . . . !



Victor Hey

### Officers of the 2nd North Riding, Yorkshire, Battalion Home Guard

On ground: Lts. Christie, Weatherill, Grayson, Bee-forth, 2nd Lt. Roberts. Front row: Capt. Beevers, Majors Lyne, Hurford, Featherstone, O'Donnell, Gallewey, Lt.-Col. Massie (C.O.), Capt. Clark, Majors Sherratt, Marlow, Walker, Capts. Puckrin, Wray. Middle row: Lt. Frankland, Capts. Armstrong, Winspear, Lts. Artley, Parkin, Pullman, 2nd Lt. Radcliffe, Lts. Wiggins, Wright, Storm, Seward. Back row: Lts. Melrose, Brown, Rutland, Burnett, Raine, Botham, Cutforth, Penton, Ransom, Burgess, Gray

## On Active Service



### The Captain and Gun-Room Officers of H.M.S. George V.

Front row: Sub-Lts. B. G. Ashmore, R.N.V.R., D. Ostle, R.N.V.R., M. Chevreau, R.N.V.R., Capt. T. E. Halsey, D.S.O., R.N., Sub-Lt. J. C. Lowein, R.N.R., Cdr. J. G. Long, R.N., Sub-Lts. (S.P.) J. L. Wilde, R.N.V.R., K. F. Hardwick, R.N.V.R. Middle row: Midshipmen (E) R. H. Mocatta, R.N., H. Selby Bennett, R.N., A. A. Davies, R.N., T. J. D. Grant, R.N., C. J. Keith, R.N., M. A. Considine, R.C.N., C. G. Pratt, R.C.N., A. L. Collier, R.C.N., K. Singh, R.I.N., A. A. Miller, R.C.N., A. O. Gray, R.C.N., O. C. Bennett, R.A.N., R. T. Brokenshire, R.A.N., I. W. Broben, R.A.N., S. R. O. Mehta, R.I.N., A. J. Miller, R.N., Pay/Mid. F. A. Barnish, R.N., Mids. J. P. Fisher, R.N., C. E. Fiddian-Green, R.N., M. A. Higgs, R.N. Back row: Mids. M. L. A. Foy, R.N., (E) G. Q. Mosedale, R.N., P. W. Buchanan, R.I.N., C. W. O. Rainer, R.N., A. P. Bindrarin, Pay/Mid. J. S. Sheehan, R.N., Mids. J. T. Kershaw, R.N.R., R. Park, R.N.R., (E) C. E. Baker, R.N., P. B. Brooke, R.N.R., W. H. R. Davies, R.N., (E) S. E. Adams, R.N.



### Officers of an Infantry Depot

Front row: Capt. H. C. B. Plummer, M.C., Major D. Yuille, T.D., J/Cdr. A. C. Jackson, Major J. A. A. Wallace, M.C., Lt.-Col. F. S. Waldegrave, M.C., Capt. J. B. Gillies, Lt. A. E. Ithell, Majors J. Murray, J. B. Stewart. Middle row: Lt. P. M. Smith, Sub. W. R. Graham, Lts. A. L. Wisden, A. Tevendale, M. McGibbon, W. A. D. Williams. Back row: Lts. A. E. Anton, H. A. B. Maxwell, M. Maclean, A. Forrest, Capt. E. Carey

Right—front row: S/Ldrs. J. S. Payne, G. Vickers, Flt/O. M. M. Tucker, S/Ldr. P. L. Hahn, Major O. C. Hopton, W/Cdr. T. E. W. Brown, G/Capt. G. H. Harrison, O.B.E., D.F.C., the Commanding Officer, W/Cdr. S. Mather, S/Ldrs. R. Jackson, N. G. Simpson, E. W. Eades, R. Cuddeford, F/Lt. H. L. King. Second row: S/O. S. M. Latham, F/O. Varcoe, F/Lts. R. Pitt, A.F.M., W. S. Mooney, M. A. I. Davies, D.F.M., F/O. E. Buckley, D.F.M., F/Lts. G. W. Martin, G. R. Guest, W. E. Gamble, W. B. Vaughan-Davies, D.F.C., R. G. Pitts, D. J. Gould, S/O. C. de C. Hamilton. Third row: F/O. D. Palmer, D.F.M., F/Lt. H. Robinson, F/O. K. C. Griffiths, F/O. Sunnucks, F/Lt. W. Cuthbertson, F/O.s J. E. Newby, D.F.M., D. W. Arscott, E. R. Ratcliffe, P. W. Burton, B. W. Stafford, J. L. Malone. Back row: F/O.s C. Hunter, H. J. Bigmore, F/Lt. E. B. Freckingham, F/O. Driscoll, F/Lt. G. D. Cox, F/O.s J. Middleton, J. M. Elliott, W. J. McLaughlin, D.F.M.



### Officers of an R.A.F. Station

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## "Ora Formidabile"

AMONG the hundred thousands of faces milling about jubilant Paris on the night of November 11, 1918, one paused, careworn, under an arc light of a boulevard. It was that of Emmanuele, Italian journalist, who thus greeted his American friend: "Yes, we have an armistice; the *ora formidabile* has struck."

The American was Stephen Bonsal, whose *Unfinished Business* (Michael Joseph; 18s.) is his own secret diary of the Paris Peace Conference of 1918-19. Kept at the request of President Wilson, this covers meetings and conversations of which no official records were taken. For twenty-five years the diary has remained untouched in its author's files. Its publication, at just this juncture, is dramatically appropriate. It provides profoundly instructive, if often sombre and sometimes ironic, reading for our generation; for whom shortly the formidable hour will strike again.

Some idea of Col. Bonsal's status, and of his own unique relation to the proceedings, is essential at the start of *Unfinished Business*. As to both, I cannot, I think, do better than quote from Mr. Wilson Harris's Introduction to the English edition of the book. "It is sufficient to describe him [Col. Bonsal] as a distinguished, informed and judicious publicist, who for four years, from 1893 to 1897, held various posts in the American diplomatic service. In the period with which this volume deals, he was in his early fifties. The war took him to Europe, first as a journalist, then as a soldier, and when, what was officially known as 'The American Commission to Negotiate Peace' took shape in Paris, Col. House, to whom Bonsal had been able to be of service three or four years earlier in Berlin, enlisted him as a member of his personal staff, in special connection with the meetings of the Peace Conference Commission charged with framing a constitution for the League of Nations."

Col. Bonsal's particular duty, during the sessions, was an arduous one. The proceedings being in French, a language with which neither President Wilson nor Col. House was at home, Bonsal, as an excellent linguist, was called upon to provide a whispered running translation for the two American delegates, close behind whom he sat. But this was by no means all: with Col. House's approval he himself embarked, between times, on conversations whose unofficial, strictly informal nature did not, one may gather, render them less important. Further, he was despatched, again by House, to the Central European capitals, and later on to Berlin, on missions one might describe as "exploratory."

## The Great Assizes

COL. BONSALE'S record has the best that is claimed for it: absolute objectivity. There cannot, however, fail to emanate from

it the continuously changing atmosphere of the conversations, with their conflicts of interests and personalities. President Wilson arrived in Europe, in the December of 1918, at the height of a wave of idealistic optimism. His way to the Conference was a triumphal progress. Speaking at Manchester, he had said:

There is a great voice of Humanity abroad in the world just now, which he who cannot hear is deaf. There is a great compulsion of the Common Conscience now in existence which, if any statesman resists, will gain for him most unenviable eminence in history. We are not obeying the mandate of party or politics; we are obeying the mandate of Humanity."

Good faith, in speaker and audiences, was absolute. But while cities cheered, Col. House, in Paris, awaited with growing gloom the arrival he had done all he could to prevent. Wilson's insistence on attending the Conference in person had not been well seen either by his supporters or his enemies: the President's place, it was felt, was in Washington. Nor were Senator Lodge and his party alone in feeling that the discussion, to be followed by the establishment, of the League of Nations was premature: surely there would be enough to do in Paris without that? It was, as we know, to the League of Nations Commission that Col. Bonsal found himself attached; and it is therefore to its proceedings that he has had, in the main, to confine himself. We watch Wilson shoulder, with all the courage that must in the long run



Gwethalyn Graham, whose new novel, "Earth and High Heaven," has recently been published by Jonathan Cape, is of Scottish descent and is at present living in Canada. Her previous book was "Swiss Sonata," and the authoress, who says she was bitten by the theatre bug at the age of eleven, has also written two so-far-unproduced plays

outshine his obstinacy, an impossible burden of responsible negotiation—backed, throughout, by the loyal, if anxious, House.

To President Wilson, the slightest compromise was an agony: he had known the exalted solitude of one kind of idealist. In Paris, the

realism of Clemenceau, the fluidity of Lloyd George, the cynicism of Orlando—with his, "Mais l'important n'est pas tant d'être libre que de se croire libre"—awaited him. Outside the Four there were personalities of degrees of importance, but all to be reckoned with. Arthur Balfour, Col. Bonsal complains, was lackadaisical—"Dear, dear," he observed when, in House's office, he learned that Clemenceau had been shot at, "I wonder what that portends?" There was Lord Robert Cecil, who controlled his antipathy for at least two of the delegates by, from time to time, closing suffering eyes. There was General Smuts. There was Mr. Hughes, of Australia, whose electrical aid to hearing, by going out of order at crucial moments, could bring everything to a frantic, prolonged halt. There was M. Larnaude, launcher of the attack on Wilson and the Monroe Doctrine reservations, who must never, under any circumstances, fail to catch the 11 p.m. train back to Neuilly. There was M. Batalha Reis, of Portugal, who complained of the absence of reference to the Deity: not thus had it been in the discussions preceding the Treaty of Westphalia (1648). There was M. Hymans, of Belgium, to whom Mr. Wilson Harris feels Col. Bonsal has been unfair. And, not least, there was M. Bourgeois, long-winded as M. Hymans and still

(Concluded on page 184)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

USUALLY, you start out in life with a whole list of sins at which you are fully prepared to feel outrageously shocked. Often you come towards the end of that strange journey shocked most of all by the fact that the sins which used to shock you fail to shock you any more. You have revised the list completely. Strangely enough, it rarely now includes those upon which the Law and the rigidly virtuous still explode like block-busters.

On the whole, I think that the new list accepted and the old one discarded tends towards wisdom. It doesn't make life more placid, but it undoubtedly makes it less circumscribed. After all, our inner indulgences are our own affair. What isn't our own affair is whether we are good-tempered, kindly, just, sympathetic and our manners make the world around us a happier, more pleasant place. I would far sooner open my door to the murderer, the thief or the prostitute than I would to the self-righteous, the hard, the cruel and the bore. There is always a chance that the former might widen your understanding of human nature and the problems of life. With the latter there is only the prospect of a dull evening. Maybe the murderer might end up in the Chamber of Horrors; but all the same, I have often decided that half those who pay their shilling to gaze might easily, if all were discovered, step on the platform to be gazed at. It seems to be considered infinitely more harmful to take a life than to refrain and yet make that life one long hell. Especially does one grow tolerant of sexual sins. So long as the innocent are not harmed, like inevitably teams up with like.

It is so much more important for all of us what people do with their outer life than what their hidden existences should or should not signify. That existence is their own affair—comedy or stark tragedy, whichever it may be. Meanness, treachery, bad temper, lying and slandering belong to all the world. They create much more havoc in the world's happiness than all the Seven Deadly Sins made into one spiritually unappetising mince. You know what to do with a deadly sinner, but there is no chance of a profitable evening spent with a miser, a quivering, a back-biter, one who spreads evil innuendoes or even an arrant snob.

So, as one grows older, the uncharted sins shake you far more than those at which you were brought up to shudder and feel shame. The soldier who comes home and murders his unfaithful wife fills me with far less moral indignation than the wife who never even tried to run straight while her husband was risking his life at almost every minute of the day and night so that Liberty might live. This, of course, is merely a symbol of the crimes which are punishable by law and those which are outside its province. These latter, in my opinion, are often of far more miserable import. I would far sooner live with a sinner who might, apart from his sin, be honest, sincere and kind, than I would live with a mean, bad-tempered, narrow-minded individual who, nevertheless, had the entrée into all the Bishops' palaces in the kingdom. And, incidentally, I should feel myself nearer to Beauty—in its most comprehensive form, of course. Which, I take it, is also to be nearer to God.

# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"

Review of Weddings



*Du Sautoy — Stocker*

Major A. J. Du Sautoy, Royal Scots Fusiliers, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Du Sautoy, of Amphil, Bedfordshire, and Vincent Square, S.W., and Miss Viola Stocker, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Stocker, of Craigwell Lodge, Aldwick, Bognor Regis, were married at Bognor



*St. John — Guinness*

Lt. Michael Beauchamp St. John, R.N., younger son of Major and Mrs. Tudor St. John, of Craigeigh, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, married Miss Pamela Patience Guinness, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur R. Guinness, of Hawley Place, Blackwater, Hants., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



*Lessels — Makin*

Right: Mr. W. V. Lessels, of the United Aircraft Service Corporation, son of the late W. V. Lessels and Mrs. Lessels, of New York and Florida, and Miss M. W. Makin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Makin, of Manchester, were married in Cheshire



*Thompson — Smith*

W/Cdr. G. F. M. Perronet Thompson, youngest son of the late Sir John Perronet Thompson and Lady Thompson, of Rathdown, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, and Miss Margaret Mary Bodenham Smith, only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Smith, of Bungay, Suffolk, were married in Jerusalem



*Bayly — Campbell*

Lt. John Bayly, R.A., son of the late R. E. Bayly, of Co. Tipperary, married Miss Lorna Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Campbell, of Underriver House, near Sevenoaks, at St. Margaret's, Underriver



*Beale — Bell Davies*

Lt. Peter Scott Beale, R.N., son of Major and Mrs. Scott Beale, of Beckenham, Kent, married Miss Anne Elizabeth Bell Davies, daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Bell Davies, at St. Faith's, Lee-on-Solent



*Bosanquet — Richardson*

Capt. David I. Bosanquet, R.A., son of the late Gaston Bosanquet and Mrs. Bosanquet, married Miss Hazel Richardson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Richardson, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



*Lockie — Sanctuary*

Capt. David McNaught Lockie, The York and Lancaster Regiment, married Miss Elizabeth Anne Sanctuary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Sanctuary, of West Milton, Bridport, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 170)

## To-morrow's Party

SURELY there can never have been a happier or more enjoyable committee meeting than that which met at the Dorchester Hotel at the invitation of Mrs. Reynolds Albertini to make final arrangements for the Theatre and Film Evening Party which is to be held to-morrow, Thursday, at the May Fair Hotel, to help to open the first Women's Adjustment Centre. After the business of the day was completed there was a Lancers rehearsal, most ably organised by the Hon. Secretary, Miss Adeline Bourne. Everyone was reluctant to join in at first, but with the support of a few of our Empire air "aces" and sailors, Miss Bourne soon had things going with a swing, much to the enjoyment of everyone there, the performers getting as many laughs out of the rehearsal as the spectators.

## Committee Members

MRS. REYNOLDS ALBERTINI is joint chairman of the committee with Lady Waddilove; Viscountess Allenby, Lady Woolton, Mrs. Gordon Moore, Lady Playfair, Lady Suenson-Taylor and Mrs. Norman Crowther are amongst the vice-presidents; and Lady Thomas Bethell and Mrs. Howard Wyndham, deputy-chairmen.

Mrs. Albertini has just returned south after spending a considerable time at her home in the Lake district. She is planning to reopen White Lodge early in the New Year. The eighteen mobile canteens which she



At a London Film Premiere

A party at the Savoy Hotel was held after the launching of "Sons of the Air," a film showing the Air Training Corps at work, and a tribute presented by Mr. J. Arthur Rank to the A.T.C. in recognition of their great work in the war. At the premiere and party were Lady Portal, Lady Drummond and Capt. Harold Balfour, Under-Secretary of State for Air

and her late husband have presented during the war years to various boroughs and districts have proved invaluable during the last somewhat trying months, and thousands of people who have lost their homes have found their first comforting cup of tea and a good meal at one of these.

## Here and There

BURSTS of welcome sunshine in between tempestuous rainfall have been bringing people out and about. I saw Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd George coming out of her Piccadilly hotel, wearing a very pretty little mass of frothy pale-blue ostrich feathers on her fair hair; the Hon. Charles Rhys, walking from his job at the War Office to his new home in Eaton Square; the young and good-looking Marchioness of Huntly, dressed completely in palest grey and looking enchanting in it; Mrs. Thomas Davies (Lord Brougham's only sister), hatless and very happy at the thought of having her husband home on leave, and on her way with her young family to stay with her husband's parents, General Sir Francis and Lady Davies, at Elmley Castle, in Worcestershire.

The Duke of Marlborough strolled through the Dorchester, and here also I saw Lady Zia Wernher, whose daughter, Georgina, was married recently to Col. H. P. Phillips at St. Margaret's. Lady Zia and her sister, the Marchioness of Milford Haven, wife of the late Capt. the Marquess of Milford Haven, G.C.V.O., R.N., do a tremendous lot of work in connection with the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. Lady Milford Haven, who is County President for Berkshire and Area Secretary for the Duke of Gloucester's Fund, was recently able by her efforts to present an ambulance to Maidenhead. She came up to town to attend the wedding of her niece, Georgina, accompanied by the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, who headed the very distinguished list of Royal guests present at the church and afterwards at the reception held by the bride's parents, and lent her home, Lynden Manor, Holyport, to Col. and Mrs. Phillips for their honeymoon.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

more emotional: on the rejection, by ten to five, of the Larnaudé amendment, "poor Bourgeois was broken-hearted. He came over to House and said: 'My life's work is wiped out.' House consoled him by saying that he would always be remembered as the precursor of the era of peace that was now dawning."

## Wounded Tiger

THE unsuccessful attempt on Clemenceau's life procured for Bonsal, as regular sickroom visitor, some of the most striking têtes-à-têtes in the book. Clemenceau said:

I must make a peace based upon my belief and upon my own experience of the world in which we have to live. My responsibility is personal and non-transferable. When called to the bar of history, I cannot say: "Well, I made these arrangements to conform to Mr. Wilson's viewpoint." Mr. Wilson has lived in a world that has been fairly safe for democracy; I have lived in a world where it was good form to shoot a Democrat. After a few weeks of sparring I became convinced that your President wanted the same things that I did, although we were very far apart as to the ways and means by which we could reach the desired end.

Of the "sparring" of those weeks, a good deal is on record. Particular, as its cause, was the French fear that their plea for security was to be blocked. In general, there was the irreconcilability of—if not conflict between—the outlooks of the Old World and the New.

The content of *Unfinished Business*, and its importance, must emerge for you, the reader. I am anxious not to give you what could be in any way a misleading summary. I attempt no comment on what Mr. Wilson Harris has named as the most interesting chapter of all—that dealing with Col. Bonsal's tour, with and without General Smuts, of South-Eastern Europe in March 1919. In Vienna, he found that at least one faction desired an Anschluss with the German Reich; in Prague, M. Masaryk made a prophetic utterance on the subject of the Sudeten Germans. In Berlin—visited later in 1919—Col. Bonsal extracted few views as to the future; most people were occupied with a post-mortem.

## The Man of the House

"THE BACHELOR," by Stella Gibbons (Longmans; 10s. 6d.), has been a high point in my own autumn fiction reading, and I do strongly recommend it to you. Miss Gibbons is one of the few of our novelists who have not lost what was once the great English prerogative of good humour. Her (and my own) sex have lately tended to run to what I call the Sharp-little-Emily kind of writing, scoring off the unfortunate characters left and right. Good humour is *really* the essence of good comedy.

*The Bachelor* is comedy in the best tradition. The Fielding family, in their pleasant home Sunlades, at Treme, near St. Alberics, Hertfordshire, are English—very English indeed. The comfortable house has been given an artistic overlay by Constance—unmarried, fifty-ish, with a strong bent to international culture and a high-minded attitude to this present war. Sunlades remains hallowed for Constance as having been lately the residence of "Our Mother"—a woman of forceful personality. Here also dwells the unmarried cousin, Miss Frankie Burton, also sensitive, but given to gnome-like mirth. Humbly, and sometimes cautiously, padding about this household (to whose upkeep he contributes more than his share) is Kenneth Fielding, aged forty-eight, solicitor in St. Alberics, indefatigable Home Guard and a—in fact *the*—bachelor. The scene is enlivened, just after the story starts, by the arrival of delightful Betty Marten, a widow of the last war, who, working at a Ministry in St. Alberics, asks to come to Sunlades as a paying guest. Kenneth and Betty had, years ago, been engaged; which causes Constance to watch with a lynx eye lest any such foolishness should occur again.

It is not, however, Mrs. Marten who is to prove the disturbing element. Vartouhi, a foreign young minx, cut off by war from her own country (the fruit-growing and warrior-minded Bairamia), is imported by the unsuspecting Constance as a domestic help. Betty's son, Richard, falls quickly, and Kenneth slowly (almost without knowing), for Vartouhi's primitive fascination. Most of all, we are made to see the Fielding household as it appears to the little Bairamian, with her strong tribal sense. Vartouhi is genuinely shocked by the upper middle-class Englishwoman's disregard for the male, by Kenneth's lack of authority in his own home and by the disrespect shown to the head (in her eyes) of the tribe—dear, unregenerate old Mr. Fielding, senior—who, detaching himself from his night clubs, turns up for Christmas. Do Englishmen, of the class Miss Gibbons describes, get a bad deal from their womenfolk? *The Bachelor* should give the reader to think. . . . And let me praise in a last line (would there were more) Miss Gibbons's landscapes and true, lovely feeling for nature.

## Spots in Front of the Eyes

ETHEL LINA WHITE'S *They See in Darkness* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.) reads not only as a detective story (with, now I come to think of it, no detective), but as the brilliant by-product of a bilious attack, which almost everyone in the story eats richly enough to have incurred. Black nuns, walled-in lunatics and a chain of murders demoralise antique, forest-girt Oldtown. Fantastic, as you may gather, but somehow gripping.

## "There is No Need for Alarm"

"A.T.I.," a collection of war verses, composing a war alphabet, by A. P. Herbert, has been delightfully produced by the Ornum Press, at 4s. 6d. I need, I think, do no more than draw your attention to it: Mr. Herbert's name is in need of no further word from me.

## MORE THAN A BEAUTY TREATMENT



Even on war work, it's poor strategy to hide a good car under a bushel of dirt. Cellulose and plating must be clean to stay healthy. Both, today, are needed for war production. If, through neglect, coachwork has to be reconditioned, the materials and labour involved won't do

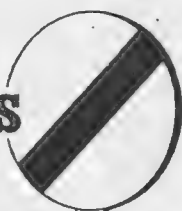
the Country (or your pocket) any good. Wash coachwork when you can and apply reliable polish to put a protective film over the cellulose. Touch up blemishes at once—before the weather gets at them. Polish plated parts regularly and treat leather etc., with dressing.

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*At present made for Infants and Young Children only.*

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# Blouses by Pringle of Scotland

This merchandise can only be obtained  
from high-class stores throughout the  
country and is in very short supply.



# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

CHARLES DERRICOTT, in the paper *Coronet*, tells the following:—

The Nazi crew of a sinking German raider was transferred to a British vessel. British officers were reminded that the captives were to be treated "just as if they were gentlemen."

The next day a German officer was sporting a beautiful black eye. The British captain was enraged. "Who did that?" he asked the damaged Nazi.

The young British officer named by the victim was called to task immediately. "You are a disgrace to His Majesty's Navy! What have you to say for yourself?"

"Well, sir, when I came up on deck this morning, this chap said to me: 'God damn the King!'"

"Well, I controlled myself, and said nothing. Then he came closer to me, stuck his face up to mine and yelled: 'To hell with the Queen!'"

"That was almost impossible to bear, but still I remembered that I am a British officer and controlled myself. But then he grinned at me contemptuously, and spat into *our ocean*! That, sir, was too much. It was then that I lost my temper!"

THE local Home Guard were firing with live ammunition for the first time, and had to fire five rounds each at the target.

"What's on your mind?" one of the H.G.s asked his neighbour as they returned.

"Oh, nothing, really," replied the other, peering through his spectacles short-sightedly. "Only—well, does a target curse when you hit it?"

THE sergeant had twenty recruits lined up for fatigue duty. They were not as energetic as the sergeant thought they should be; so he tried to cure them.

"I've got a nice easy job for the laziest man present. Will the laziest man raise his right hand?"

Nineteen men raised their right hands.

"Why don't you raise your hand with the rest?" inquired the sergeant of the remaining one.

"Too much trouble," was the reply.

"WAITER," called the diner sharply, "the oyster in this stew is not enough even to flavour it."

"Sure, sah," answered the darkie waiter, "he wasn't put in to flavah de stew. He's jes' suppose to christen it."

AN actress was travelling from Liverpool to London. Her luggage was somewhat bulky and the surly porter to whom she entrusted it at the Liverpool station told her she would have to pay excess on it.

"Unless," he added as an afterthought, "you're a theatrical."

"Well, I am a theatrical," explained the actress.

"Well, why didn't you say so at first?" demanded the porter indignantly. "I can't go round askin' passengers if they're theatricals. I don't want to insult 'em."

PEGGY WOOD, the actress, who will be remembered in *Bitter Sweet*, writes in *How Young You Look*:—

"The prize of all radio announcements I heard in California. A plummy-voiced gentleman was pleading for his sponsor, who built mausoleums: 'Ladies and gentlemen,' said he, in organ tones, 'is seepage disturbing your loved ones?'"

AMAN had an attack of pneumonia, and a doctor was called in. After an examination the doctor said: "You are a musician, I think, and play a wind instrument."

"Yes," replied the patient.

"That explains everything. There's a distinct straining of the lungs, and the larynx is inflamed as though by some abnormal pressure. What instrument do you play?"

"The concertina."



Frances Day is to be this year's "Peter Pan." She signed the contract nearly a year ago on the back of a cigarette carton while having supper with Mr. Jack Hylton. Costumes were being discussed when this photograph was taken in Mr. Hylton's office at His Majesty's Theatre. Plans are obviously going well . . . or perhaps the smiles are just natural high spirits at the success of Jack Hylton's *Elysium* at the last Ascot meeting

IN *The Recorder*, London, C. Kent Wright gives this one.

A registrar of births and deaths had been interviewing a man and had just registered the death of his wife who had died very suddenly. The man required three certificates which would cost 2s. 7d. each.

Wishing to show some sympathy to the bereaved husband, the registrar said: "I suppose this was a great shock to you."

"Yus, guy'nor," replied the man. "I didn't reckon on them being 2s. 7d. each."

## THE GALA GALLERY OF GRACE AND GAIETY



'IN THE WOODS'

Lancret

Like many other French painters of his day, Nicolas Lancret (1660-1743) devoted his talents to the portrayal of fashionable society in its lighter moods. A follower and admirer of Watteau he produced during his long life many hundreds of pictures reflecting the charm and gaiety of his age. Gala in our own times helps to recapture the spirit which inspired the works of Lancret and his contemporaries.

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GALA LIPSTICK  
REFILLS (fit almost any case) • FACIAL CREAM • POWDER

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LE GANT



LE GANT ALPHABET BRASSIERES

# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Thirty-Five Years

"**W**HERE is England?" was the last remark of Louis Blériot, as he peered out over the Channel just before he set off on his historic pioneer flight. Somebody, according to the account I have had from a friend who was there, waved vaguely towards Dover and Blériot set off.

It is always worth reminding ourselves of the conditions faced by the pioneers for they had so often to do by native wit and intelligence what would now be done by calculation and automatic machine. Therefore, I was pleased when it was decided to hold a small reception to celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of Robert Blackburn's first flight. That many others were of the same opinion was shown by the large attendance. I noticed that not only were many of the great aircraft constructors there, but also those in the Service, such as Sir Sholto Douglas, who had been in aviation since the early days, and those on the scientific side such as Sir Henry Tizard and Sir Melville Jones.

In this country we tend to forget rather too easily those who did the pioneering. People like Blackburn and Sir A. V. Roe are not so continuously publicized as they would be if they belonged to certain other countries. So I hope that the bodies which concern themselves with British aviation will do what they can to keep the names of our pioneers fresh in the minds of the public.

## Metrics or Madness

**T**HE Chicago Conference could do one thing which would, without any question, help the development of world aviation. It would, at a stroke, increase the efficiency of every flying operation and every aircraft manufacturing and designing process. I refer, of course, to the introduction throughout the airways of the world of the metric system. It is possible, I believe, that the Decimal Association may remind the Chicago Conference of this practical, non-political step. But the real puzzle is why there is still resistance to the introduction of the metric system. It is the system of



*Australian Airmen at the Palace*

*F/O D. W. Cuthbert, of Franklin, Tasmania, who received the D.F.M., W/Cdr. Hamilton Wellesley Connolly, of Balgowlah, New South Wales, whose courage and coolness under fire won him the D.F.C., and F/Lt. E. S. Ludbrook, of Ballarat, Victoria, who was awarded the D.F.C. for skill, fortitude and devotion to duty on many operational flights, attended a recent investiture together. They are all members of the same bomber crew of the R.A.A.F.*

scientific workers, the system of radio, the system of sense. Medical men are pressing for its introduction into prescribing and I believe that the new sulphonamide drugs are already dispensed in the metric system. But aviation, which ought to lead the world in modernity and efficiency, clings to hansom cab measures.

The insular English are inclined to forget that by far the larger part of the world has already adopted the metric system. Russia has adopted it and China has stated her intention of doing so. The European Continent is almost entirely metric. South America is metric. Yet our crazy industrialists insist on trying to push mad measures down the throats of their potential customers.

I have begged and prayed some of our noted aircraft constructors to swing over to the metric system, but they are too much worried by the temporary difficulties than the long-term benefits. In this they

show themselves small minded in a way that would hardly be thought possible when one considers their great achievements. If we miss the opportunity which the transition from war to peace will give to turn British aviation over to the metric system, we shall not only suffer for it in the future, but we shall thoroughly deserve to suffer.

## "The Aeroplane"

**I** WAS glad to read, the other day, that Wing Commander Sprigg was to take over the managing editorship of *The Aeroplane*. This fine paper has been much too long without any proclaimed executive editor and it has suffered from it. It was not that those who were running it were not highly competent—they were—but that no paper which deals in news can afford to be nebulous in executive structure. Wing Commander Sprigg has created and edited aviation papers of his own in the past—and very good some of them were. His knowledge and experience make him an ideal choice for this responsible post. The acting editor will continue to be Mr. W. A. Cooke.

Being myself the editor of an aviation paper I naturally study the aviation press of the world so far as I can and I feel that this country has done well in this field. The American aviation papers are more beautifully produced and their size is a perpetual source of astonishment. But when one wades into them one sometimes finds the editorial contents disappointing. It looks much better than it really is. At the opposite end there is the French aviation press, full of information and far more "adult" than either the English or the American, but sometimes poorly produced. The French aviation press is one of the few places where air tactics are seriously discussed, and this in peace as well as in war. The whole theory of the flying bomb had been put by many authors and in some detail in the French air papers long before the war.

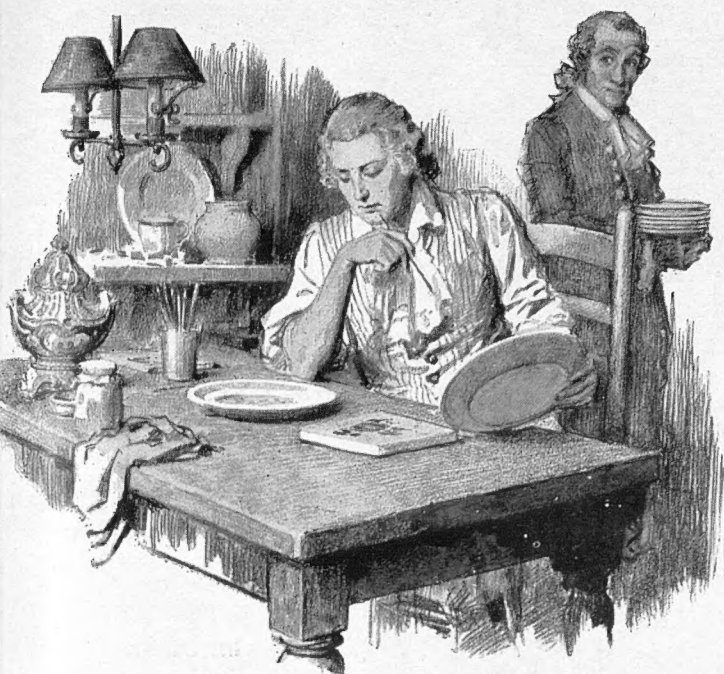
Some national papers tend to "lift" matter to an inordinate extent—not always with proper acknowledgment. I have suddenly found myself reading articles I have written in some foreign paper long after the appearance of the article in English and without acknowledgment. The Anglo-American and the French press certainly contain a larger part of original matter.

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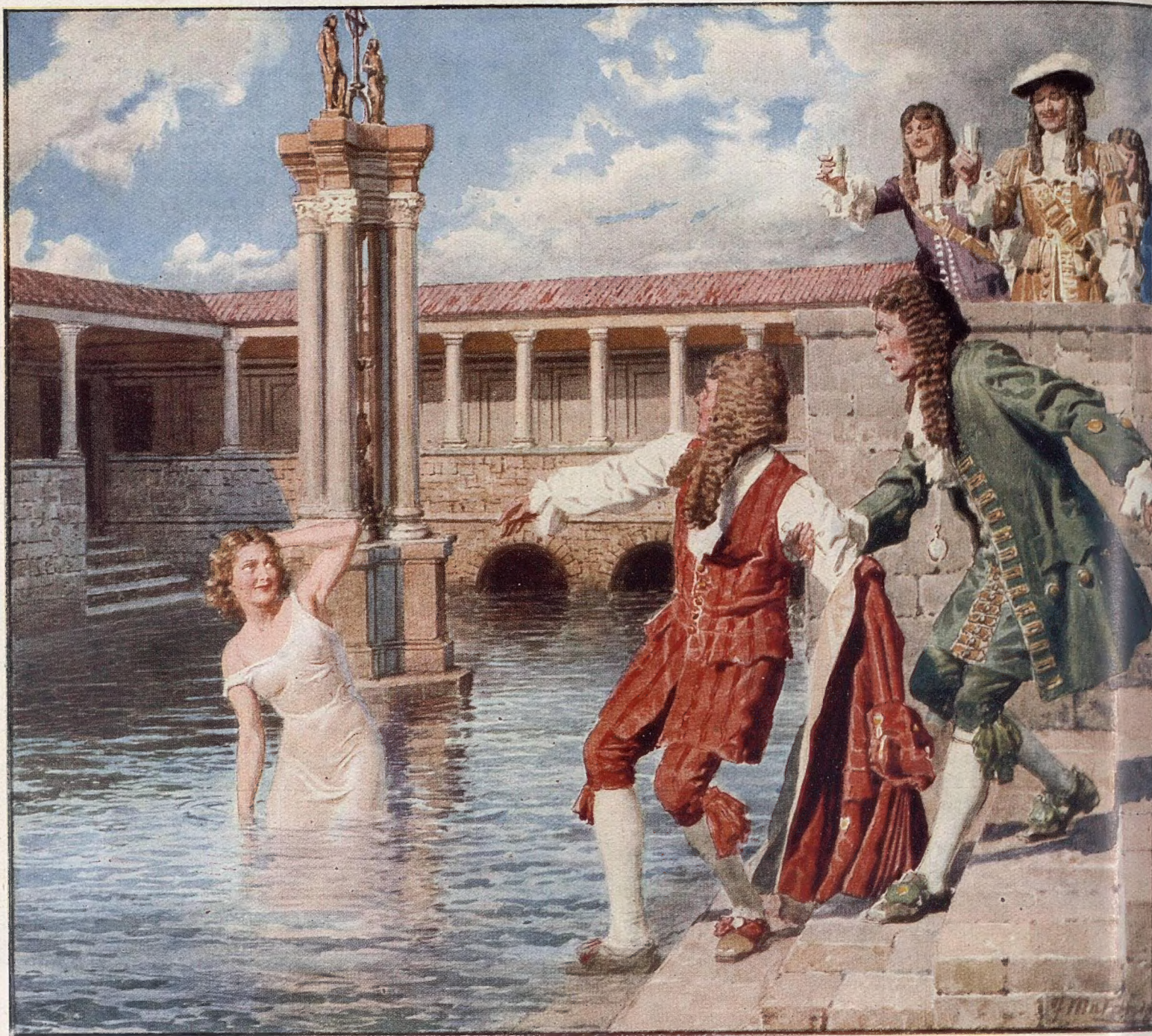
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## *The Origin of the "Toast"*

Although healths have been drunk from time immemorial the custom of giving "toasts" dates only from the 17th century and the origin of the phrase is curious. Pieces of toasted bread were frequently placed in wine in the belief that it improved the flavour. The story is told that at Bath in the days of Charles II a celebrated beauty being immersed in the water an admirer dipped a goblet in the bath and drank her health. Whereon a fuddled gallant offered to jump into the bath saying though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. From that time the custom of toasting a famous beauty in the belief that it improved the flavour of the drink became the regular custom.

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